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By FRANK P. MAC LEENAN.

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The Vandallia railroad, in Illinois, loaned a shipper \$260,000 at 2 per cent, on his promise to give the road all his freight business. A fine of \$2,000 for violating the Elkins law on the subject of rebates was imposed by the trial court, and the supreme court affirms this decision. Clearly, the 2 per cent was not the consideration for which the loan was made: that was the promise of the shipper to withhold his business from other railroads. It is such cut-throat methods as this on the part of a few railroads that put the whole business in bad with the public and bring about much of the burdensome legislation of which the roads complain.

The Democrats are not yet laying claim to responsibility for the boom in business, but the campaign has not yet opened.

Petrograd reports the formation of a volunteer corps of Armenians to fight the Turks. Didn't know there were any Armenians left.

The New York World foresees about nine kinds of Republicans in the next national convention, among which it mentions the Woodrow Wilson variety. No mention is made of Republican Republicans.

Seats on the New York stock exchange are selling for \$68,500. Wouldn't it be cheaper to stand?

What induced the president to locate in New Jersey for the summer? That state is supposed to be for him already.

Some idea of the enormous expense the European war is entailing upon the countries involved is afforded by the Russian financial report, published in connection with the announcement by Russia's finance minister of the intention to seek to place a foreign loan of \$2,750,000,000. The total bonded indebtedness incurred by Russia since August 1, 1914, when the war began, is \$2,497,880,000, which, with the proposed new war credit, will make Russia's total war debt \$5,157,880,000. Edward Shearson, banker, of New York, who has just returned from abroad, estimates that if the war continues eighteen months longer, it will cost the belligerent nations about \$45,000,000,000.

There is no desire to be precipitate in the matter, but the time seems opportune to suggest that you d. y. c. s. e.

Americans who complain of the high taxes in this country at least won't be tempted to move to Europe for some time to come.

The term "melancholy days" could not have been intended to apply to October in Kansas.

Presumably enough filing cabinets have been provided for pigeonholing reports from that civilian navy advisory board.

Next to the Bible, perhaps the most popular books in the world are the pocket book and the cook book.

Considering the manner in which the bottom has been dropping out of Broadway in New York, one might think that Wall, street would take warning.

Maybe the drive on the British cabinet will prove to be more successful than the recent one on the German trenches.

It appears that Miss Cavell was killed to frighten other women. The effect produced upon women in this part of the world could hardly be called fright.

Out of the horror and gloom and sickening scenes of the box factory fire in Pittsburg, Pa., Monday afternoon rises a light bright enough to dampen the eyes of the world, rays the Pittsburgh Leader. "That there was only one such ray of almost blinding brilliancy makes some aspects of that tragedy darker, but charges the world with greater admiration to the soul of Peter Vallon, affectionately known to many as 'Dago Pete.' 'Pete' rescued girl after girl, some conscious, some in a swoon, some stricken with

paralysis of fear-panic. He worked with a strength and a will that was superhuman. He went here and there in that death laden building searching for girls unable to help themselves. And he did not stop until he was so exhausted, so tired out, with his divine work, that he was not able to save his own life. He died while still struggling searching for girls surrounded by death, thinking not at all of himself. His body was found on the floor with those he would have rescued. He could not save them, but he could die among them.

VICTIMS OF GREED.
Recent investigation of the causes leading to the garment makers' strike in Chicago furnish much food for thought to those who feel an interest in their fellow man.

Pathetic stories of the lives of girls who dwell in tenements and gain a precarious livelihood in the garment trade were unfolded.

The normal earnings of the girls, testimony showed, were \$5 a week, and only supreme efforts, working from daylight to dark without lunch, would bring in \$8.

One girl testified that she worked from 5:30 a. m. to 7 p. m. right through the noon hour. Another girl said that she had earned as low as 78 cents a week. It was brought out that 300 girls used the same roller towel. Under conditions like these it is any wonder that the dance halls and the river levy a heavy toll.

There are many societies organized for the rescue and uplift of unfortunate women, but none of them seems to get at the root of the matter. It is just one more case where an ounce of prevention would be worth more than a pound of cure.

States where such action is much less necessary have fixed by law a minimum wage scale, and enforced measures in factories and stores. What is the matter with Illinois? Why are such conditions permitted to exist? Human greed has seldom been exhibited in more hideous form than in the sweat shops of Chicago.

A French scientist predicts twenty-six hard winters in succession. Will it take that long to recover from the effects of the war?

CITY VS. COUNTRY.

The long accepted theory that the country as a place of residence is far superior to the city in healthfulness and almost everything that tends to long life and happiness, is given a severe jolt by Professor Thomas D. Wood in "School and Society." He writes:

"About half of the 20,000,000 school children in the United States are attending the rural schools. Country children attending the rural schools are less healthy and are handicapped by more physical defects than the children of the cities (including all the children of the slums). And this is true, in general, of all parts of the United States.

"One of the conditions which helps to explain this astonishing inferiority of the country child is the environment. The country home and the country school are, on the average, less sanitary and healthful than the city home and the city school. It has been assumed that because the country child has all the features of the country, he is of course surrounded by fortunate and wholesome conditions. But the possession of all out-doors is far from enough. The farmer's home, as a rule, is insanitary in many respects. It is often terribly unventilated and the dwellers in the house are fed many hours a day with bad air. Country water and food are less wholesome than water and food in the city. The standards of living on the American farm, when tested by the accepted principles of sanitation and hygiene, are alarmingly defective. The rural school, from the standpoint of health and general fitness for its important use, is the worst kind of building in the whole country, including not only all types of buildings used for human beings, but also those used for livestock and all domestic animals. Rural schools are, on the average, less adequate for their use than prisons, asylums, almshouses, stables, dairy-barns, pig-pens, chicken-houses, dog-kennels are for their uses."

Dividend and interest payments next month will be about \$15,000,000 greater than a year ago, according to the compilation of the New York Commercial. The increased dividends will be over seven and a half millions, and the increased interest will be about four and a half millions. Railroad dividends will be almost exactly what they were last year; street railways will pay out a little more, and the industrials will pay out nearly \$7,000,000 more, some of which will come from "war orders."

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

While there has been some discussion of old age pensions in the United States, and the life insurance companies have continued to take care of all matters of that kind at a big profit to themselves, Canada has established a system of providing for her citizens in their declining years.

In 1908 the Canadian government inaugurated a system of annuities which at first was under the management of the department of trade and commerce, but is now a part of the postoffice. The object sought was to provide old age pensions for Canadians on a voluntary instead of a compulsory basis. Under the system now in operation no one can begin to receive a government annuity until 55 years of age, although the purchase of such annuity may begin at any time. The annuity is absolutely the property of the person for whose benefit it was bought. It can not be mortgaged, sold, traded, or in any other way endangered.

Every resident of Canada is free to contribute to and enjoy the advantages of the system. There is no exclusion on account of sex, no age limit, no medical qualifications as to health or strength. The annuitant pays what

he can, when he can; but the officers in charge do all that their official duties will allow to insure the regular payment of premiums as agreed. If for any reason the annuitant has not been able at 55 years of age to pay the cost of the smallest annuity allowed, his money is not forfeited, but is returned to him with interest. The calculations for this system are based on 4 per cent interest compounded annually, and no charge whatever for expenses or management, the salaries of officers and other outlays being voted by the Canadian parliament. Every postmaster has been made an agent of the annuity system and is paid a small commission on the business done through his office. According to the latest report the government has made 3,450 annuity contracts, amounting to \$700,000 a year.

Jayhawker Jots

There are also those who mistake elocution for logic.

There ought to be a censor for mischief makers who are masquerading as reformers.

It is the winner who is most willing to let the loser break up, you may have observed.

A smoker's set bears the same relation to a den that the garbage can does to the alley.

The farmer knows when he gets enough, and isn't seeking a place with a large, rolling lawn.

The sheep in wolf's clothing, is, however, more common than the reverse.

The Herald tells of a hobo at Ottawa who when arrested for vagrancy paid his fine with a bank check.

Still, the fact that a woman doesn't laugh at her husband's jokes, may not prove that she has no sense of humor.

There is so much in practice and training that a Southern lynching usually proceeds in an orderly manner.

A Fort Scott woman suffering with hay fever is said to have induced her neighbors to give her a handkerchief.

The Hiawatha World is running advertisements for men who can hunt corn on stalks higher than an ordinary man can reach.

McPherson officers are trying to catch the Rock Island news butchers in the act of selling cigarette papers to the young boys of the town.

The adage that "chickens come home to roost" does not always apply to the farmer's home in a neighbor's garden, in the opinion of the Ottawa Herald.

One Kansas county, Woodson, comes forward with a claim to distinction by announcing an abundance of prairie chickens, a game now almost extinct in Kansas.

Fly swatting loses some of its sporting zest, not that the flies are becoming stiff and decrepit; still, the pests bite worse in the grouchy days of old age, and one must strike in self-defense.

This is the reason his motor car engine croaked, as explained by the Minneapolis Better way: During the heavy rain Friday a man was driving to Salina. Suddenly his engine stopped, and he got out in the mud and water and almost twisted his arm in the effort to start the car. He found the carburetor, and there found the seat of the trouble. It was completely clogged by young frogs, washed in the freshet that was crossing the road.

Household Hints

Things Worth Knowing.
When potting plants, put in a piece of coarse muslin over hole in bottom of pot before putting in the bits of soil, and soap which keep them in drainage good. Muslin prevents earth from washing away.

Cheap Floor Polisher.—Buy ten-cent mopstick at grocery. Take enough soap to make a lather, and rub mopstick over floor with good floor polish, and use in the same manner as you would any expensive mop.

The Table.
Broiled Lamb Chops—One pound lamb, one-half pound sausage, one-half cup butter, two cups cracker crumbs, salt, pepper, tooth picks. Mix crumbs with sausage meat. Place a strip of bacon under each chop. Put a layer of stuffing (sausage and crumbs) on each chop. Draw the bacon around chop and hold in place with toothpick. Serve very hot after broiling in hot oven twenty-five minutes.

Cracker Grittle Cakes.—Ground cracker crumbs, one and one-half cups; scalded milk, one and one-half cups; butter, two tablespoons; eggs, two; flour, one-half cup; salt, one-half teaspoon; baking powder, four teaspoons. Add milk and butter to crumbs and soak until soft; add eggs well beaten, then flour, salt and baking powder mixed and sifted. Cook same as other griddle cakes.

Corn Chowder.—Corn, one can; thickly sliced potatoes, four cups; fat salt pork, one and one-half inch cube; sliced onion, one; scalded milk, four cups. Cook corn, potatoes and onion in water to cover; drain and add potatoes to fat; then add two cups boiling water; cook until potatoes are soft, add corn and milk, then heat to boiling point. Season with salt and pepper, add butter and crackers split and soaked in enough cold milk to moisten. Remove crackers, turn chowder into a tureen and put crackers on top.

Caramelized Sweet Potatoes.—One dozen small sweet potatoes, two quarts hot water, one teaspoon salt, one pint brown sugar, one cup butter, one tablespoon butter, one-half teaspoon cinnamon. Boil potatoes in two quarts hot water until tender. Peel and arrange in shallow baking dish. Boil the cup of water and sugar together ten minutes, sprinkle salt and cinnamon over potatoes, add butter to sauce and pour sauce over potatoes and bake in moderate oven until potatoes are nicely browned. Serve in dish in which they were baked. Very nice with baked chicken.

Shepherd's Pie.—Slice three good-sized onions in two tablespoons butter, cook until brown, then add two tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste and one pint of stock or gravy. Cook, then add three cups of cooked beef, cut in small pieces, and cover this with mashed potatoes well seasoned. Over all pour the beaten yolk of an egg with a little milk; brown in oven.

"Mrs. Jigger declined very cordially my proposal to her to join our Shut-In Society." "No wonder. Her husband's in jail."—Baltimore American.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOUTON.

Old Mr. Know-It-All.

Old Archibald Todd was the village sage.

You couldn't fool him on a woman's part, and he was a good deal of a man.

There wasn't a thing in the whole broad land that Archibald didn't understand. And no man above or below the sod ever knew so much as Archibald Todd.

The weather was ever his strong forte; He always "scoped" Uncle Sam's report.

When his left hind leg would acquire a pain He would prophesy a good two days' rain.

By the words of wisdom from Archie's mouth, The whole town knew there would be a drouth.

Old Archibald lived long in the land And ruled the country with tireless hand.

The folks all listened to his advice, For it was really beyond all price.

For they were sure when advice he'd spring, They'd safely bank on the opposite thing.

Getting Rid of Mosquitoes.

The while, anointing copiously with oil of citronella and aromatic spirits of ammonia, we agree with the esteemed Pemberville Leader, that the Illinois editor who has with profit made a life of the mosquito is a public benefactor and when he dies the people of this country ought to erect a monument to the honor of his memory. He has discovered a new way to get rid of mosquitoes. He tells you simply to rub alum on your face and hands. When the mosquito takes a bite it puckers its gazelle so it can't sting. When it sits down in a damp place, tries to dig the pucker loose, catches its death of cold and dies of pneumonia.

New Gun a Boon to Mankind.

According to the dispatches a German inventor has evolved a new pistol which shoots vapor instead of bullets. The vapor will immediately overpower and render unconscious a highwayman or any other pestiferous person, but will not kill. The victim of the gun remains unconscious until the police arrive.

It would appear as though there is a great field for this gun in America and it could be used to good advantage by many men every day upon the following list:

Hypnotized Americans,
Book agents,
Chronic story tellers,
The men who sell tailcoats,
Life insurance solicitors,
Apartment building sopranos,
Back fence gossipers,
Baseball monomaniacs,
Early wakers who report conversation of his new baby.

Howler who believes country is going to the dogs,
Automobile salesman,
Those who have mine stock to sell.

More Light, Please.
Kipling called the firing line "The frontier of civilization." But which firing line, Kip?

Some Consolation.
Anyhow, the squirrels will not be able to cause any man driving one of Henry Ford's new submarines.

Different Stuff.
A new natural red dye has been invented in this country. No, not red eye. But that was invented here, too.

If we can make peace in Europe, maybe Mexico will let us try it there.

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Everybody Happy But Father.

"Roger was up to the office last week," said the Cynic, "and he sent you folks his best."

"So," said the Authorman. "How's he looking?"

"Punk!" said the Cynic conclusively. "Never saw him looking so drawn and old."

"But why?" questioned Molly. "I thought he'd been away all summer. You told me they had taken a cottage in the country."

"And told you the truth," said the Cynic. "Don't you happen to remember where Brownacres is?"

"It's about thirty miles on the north side," said the Cynic. "And Roger's cottage is a mile from the station. And the train service is mostly accommodated, which means that the train trip stands Roger about an hour and a half and the walk fifteen minutes more."

"But he said he was in the country for three weeks each way, or three hours and a half a day spent getting to work and back. Oh, yes, add twenty minutes more for the time it takes to get to the train. That's close to four hours, isn't it?"

"The train he has to take in the morning," went on the Cynic, "leaves at quarter of seven, so he has to get up at about half-past five. He gets home at half-past eight. It's so good for him, but it's dark now before he gets through his dinner. There are no conveniences in the house and his wife can't keep a servant, because it's so far from town, so he has to help with the heavy work like pumping and carrying wood."

"Poor Roger!" cried Molly. "Why don't they come home now if it's so hard on him?"

"He didn't say it was hard on him," said the Cynic. "I just drew out the facts by questioning. He didn't complain at all. And as for coming home they're going to stay down until the first of October at least. It's so good for his wife and the youngsters—he says."

"I do think people are vacation crazy nowadays," said Molly. "They ought to have three or four months away and they'll go through all kinds of discomfort to get it. People need a change. Once in awhile Roger has a comfortable, convenient home and a big yard. Suppose the family went away for a month or two and he spent his two weeks with them and stayed at home the rest of the time, wouldn't everybody be better off?"

"Roger's wife wouldn't be satisfied with that," said the Cynic. "She would be homesick."

"What do you think, Big Sister?" queried Molly of the Lady-who-always-knows-something.

The lady smiled down at her. "That it's a rather complex question, and that some of the uncomplaining heroes of the commonplace deserve as much credit as the heroes of guns and battles," said she.

The Evening Story

Her Charm.

(By Charles Mackie.)

"So you've invited Ned Allen to your party," remarked Mrs. Hendryx, pursing her lips in disapproval.

Dorothy looked up from her sewing, a faint color fading into her cheeks.

"Ned is an old friend, mother," she reminded.

"After his escapade—"

"Mother, dear!" protested Dorothy, "you know he was exonerated from all blame in the matter of the missing papers and even Mr. Tuttle said that Ned had been unjustly accused."

"Henry Tuttle said the same thing to me—both father and son are generous enough to give Ned the benefit of the doubt, but, of course, I wouldn't have you slight Ned, my dear. In a small town like Highway such things are very noticeable—but I am afraid he will not have a very agreeable time."

"I shall take pains that Ned does have good time," said Dorothy, her head bent low over her needlework.

Mrs. Hendryx cast a sharp glance at her daughter. She didn't want Dorothy to be interested in Ned Allen, when Henry Tuttle was eager to marry her—father and son had both spoken to Dorothy's mother.

"Ask him if you like, Dorothy," said Mrs. Hendryx, "but don't fuss too much over him; it will appear as though you really thought he needed pity, when he does not."

He can stand independently among our other young men."

"Of course, mother," said Dorothy meekly enough, but her eyes flashed dangerously.

The village streets rang with merriment as crowds of young people in fantastic costumes wandered through the Hendryx home, a large colonial structure crowning a wooded slope.

The guests were masked and there was much fun and not a little mischief-making when they entered the large parlors where Amos Hecker was playing the cornet while his wife and daughter accompanied him on violin and piano.

The decorations were strictly in accordance with the season, and jack-o'-lanterns took the place of lamps and leaves of gayly colored autumn leaves trimmed the walls and doorways, while black paper cats and witches peered at one from every nook and corner.

Garbed as a Puritan maiden, was without a mask, and she gave gay greetings to her unknown guests as they filed before her.

Some of the guests were recognized by voice or gesture. Henry Tuttle knew by a familiar ring on his little finger; otherwise she would never have distinguished him from Ned Allen, for they were both of the same height and general appearance, and by a singular coincidence both had chosen to assume the dress of a century ago.

There was another stranger present, an umbrella mender, whose identity no one could guess.

Then came Ned Allen, holding his head with the same confident air that marked his bearing before papers had been missed from the bank and Ned Allen, the cashier, had been accused of having stolen the money.

Mr. Tuttle was president of the bank and Henry was vice president—had exonerated Ned, but he had not the finger of suspicion reinstated, and the tongue of gossip still babbled about him.

Ned bent over Dorothy's little hand. "I hope my coming," he murmured, "hasn't disappointed you."

"No, indeed, Ned! We are honored!" said Dorothy, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"That's all right," he said as he passed on, and there was more than gratitude in his tone.

Halloween parties are much alike, and Dorothy's was no exception to the rule. They played the same old games and danced the old-fashioned dances to the playing of the Hecker family.

An umbrella mender created a diversion by stepping into the middle of the floor and lifting his hand.

"I am a fortune teller," he declared, "and I can receive a charm against good or evil fortune, and I will read the past and the future for him."

At once he was surrounded by the gay crowd, and his fortune telling was so wittily delivered that the room rang with laughter. Once he came close to Henry Tuttle and whispered:

"Please point out to me a young man named Tuttle."

And Henry coolly nodded toward Ned Allen, who stood near by. Five minutes afterward Henry Tuttle had disappeared from the room.

Dorothy Hendryx had heard question and answer, and Henry's duplicity had startled her. Who was the umbrella mender and what did he want of Henry and why had Henry lied?

The umbrella mender was gradually making his way toward the spot where Ned Allen, brave in knee-breeches and coat of blue satin, was waiting his turn to have his palm read, by the quasi-fortune teller, who was giving mystical trinkets right and left.

"This young woman, will insure you against spinsterhood," he said to one; "and you, sir, will find this charm will soften the heart of an unscrupulous man, and this one will compel the love of the girl you desire—" and so on.

"What nonsense!" murmured Mrs. Hendryx impatiently. "Who is the man, Dorothy?"

"I don't know, mother. Listen, he is speaking to Ned."

"The fortune teller bent low over Ned Allen's hand. Perhaps curiosity prompted some to wonder if the fortune teller might not reveal the guilt or innocence of Ned Allen."

"Young man," said the fortune teller briskly, "I can see that you are going to propose to some charming girl before the clock strikes midnight—you will live long and happily—and—just favor me with your thumb print, sir, you know I am making a collection of them—a hobby of mine, even an umbrella mender may ride a hobby. Thank you, sir—ah!"

Amid subdued laughter the umbrella mender held a strip of glass to the light, and turned and stared at Ned Allen through the eyehole of his mask, then hastily tore off his own mask and revealed a nut-cracker face convulsed with anger and surprise.

"Henry Tuttle," he commanded sternly, "remove your mask!"

Ned laughed. "You are mistaken, good sister! I have not the honor to be Henry Tuttle!"

"Prove it!" snapped the other. "Ned tore off the mask and faced the room."

"Ned Allen!" A score of voices breathed his name convincingly.

"Where is Henry Tuttle?" demanded the umbrella mender, who was still not here, said Mrs. Hendryx with much displeasure. "May I inquire who you are, sir, and why you have chosen to make a disturbance at my house?"

The little man whipped out a card and gave it to her.

Mrs. Hendryx gasped. "A—a detective?"

"Yes," he said brusquely. "I want

Henry Tuttle—for the theft of the Waybrook securities."

Somewhere outside was the throbbing of a motor engine.

"Then you better beat it!" laughed a masculine voice. "That's Hen Tuttle's automobile and it's a racer, too!"

The detective disappeared and after awhile excitement was subdued and the dancing went on. It was nearly midnight and there were preparations to perform the time honored rites and ceremonies characteristic of Halloween.

Suddenly Dorothy found herself standing in a curtained bow window with Ned Allen.

"Look, Dorothy," said Ned quietly. "Dorothy looked at the tiny object in his extended palm.